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GET GYPSY THIEF

WAYNE COUNTY OFFICER AND LANDLORD CHASE ROVING BAND TO CAMP TWO MILES FROM CARBONDALE AND RECOVER \$27 IN REAL MONEY, ALONG WITH THE COSTS.

The band of gypsies that invaded Wayne county Monday, driving four wagons up from Hawley to Honesdale and then up the valley to Carbondale, got into trouble before they made their exit from Wayne. They were rounded up in their camp between Pond No. 4 and Wight's station Wednesday morning at 4.30 by County Detective Nick Spencer, who had Justice Ham's warrant to take the crowd for stealing \$27 from David Potter of the Halfway house.

The strollers called on Mr. Potter Monday, along toward dusk. They had driven from Hawley that day and had been delayed in the woods between White Mills and Indian Orchard because one of the wagons lost a couple of nuts somewhere on the road and the whole outfit started in search of the nuts, which it took three-quarters of an hour to find. They didn't stop at the Indian Orchard house, but at the Halfway they pulled up and one of the women trotted into the bar-room. As usual, she wanted to tell fortunes. Mr. Potter, who was behind the bar counting a roll of bills, said there wasn't anything doing in the fortune telling business at his place that day and the woman went out.

Just at that moment, Mr. Potter says, he was called into the room that opens off his bar and the money, which lay on top of a book, he left right where it was. He wasn't gone more than a minute, but when he got back the bills had left the bar.

He suspected the gypsy woman at once and he drove to Honesdale and got out a warrant, which Detective Spencer took. Mr. Potter went along and after driving all night Spencer and Potter overhauled the four wagonloads of gypsies, camped near a farmhouse just beyond the pond. The whole crew turned out, jabbering incoherently. Eight horses woke up snorting and pawing. Seven dogs began barking. Five or six babies commenced to cry.

The head of the gypsy band protested that he couldn't talk English. He mumbled something about being a Brazilian and wanted to know if either of his visitors could talk Spanish. They admitted they couldn't. Then a woman asked if there was anybody around that was well up in German. Nick and Dave owned up their scholarship didn't go that far.

"All I know in those languages," said Dave, "is, 'What will you have?'"

Finally a man was found who could be induced to talk United States.

"Line up your crowd," said Detective Spencer, "and let's see your women."

At the first lineup the woman they wanted wasn't on the job and Potter was about to give up the identification when a comely girl with glistening white teeth and two long braids down her back sneaked up into the light of the campfire.

"That's her!" he said, and then Detective Spencer told the leader of the band that he had a warrant to take men, women, children, horses, dogs, the whole shooting-match back to Honesdale and put everything except the horses and dogs in jail.

"Me settle \$10," said the chief. He was told that wouldn't answer.

After a little further parley, he allowed he could raise more than \$10 in the wagons, and then he paid Mr. Potter the \$27 swiped off the bar at the Halfway house, as well as the officers' fees and the price of the rig that had chased the gypsy outfit from Honesdale.

"Me don't want no trouble," he explained.

Detective Spencer and Mr. Potter got to Honesdale at 10 o'clock Wednesday morning. The latter was glad to get his money back. He was not so anxious to punish the thief as to get his \$27.

ABOUT A TAG DAY

MR. NIELSEN HAS SAMPLE THAT APPEALS TO HIM—FAVORS A TAG TO COST A DIME, NOT ONE SELLING FOR A QUARTER—COMMITTEES TO REPORT.

The Friday night meeting of the Greater Honesdale Board of Trade in town hall will be public. President C. J. Smith will call it to order at exactly 8 o'clock, and he and his brother officers want a full house, both members and others, to be on hand to hear the committee on membership report and also to talk further about the proposition to have Tag day during the Wayne county fair in October.

Speaking about the tags, J. B. Nielsen, who acted for Secretary E. B. Callaway, wrote to the Scranton branch office of the Whitehead & Hoag button business for samples and got some Wednesday Mr. Nielsen, than whom there is no Board member more interested and wide-awake, showed the secretary and the secretary's brother newspapermen a button that Mr. Nielsen seemed to think was just what the doctor ordered. It was a button large enough to carry the words, "Greater Honesdale; All Work," and he will advocate this button, to retail at a dime, not at a quarter, the figure favored by Chairman Leopold Blumenthal of the press committee, who is the father of Tag day in Honesdale.

The resolution asking the Board to affix its O. K. to the suggestion that a big hotel on Irving cliff would be a tiptop thing for the growth of Honesdale was tabled at the last meeting. If its author, a widely known Honesdale man, is at Friday night's meeting, this resolution is likely to be taken from the table and threshed over.

TOM ETEL IN COUNTY JAIL.

Charged With Stealing Chickens in Manchester—Judge Remembered Him.

Tom Etsel of Damascus was brought to jail today by Deputy Constable Tom Caffrey and Matt Mogridge, charged with stealing chickens from Grant Caffrey and A. Cole of Manchester township. Ten of the stolen birds have been recovered.

Justice A. F. Lawson, before whom Etsel was brought in Manchester township Wednesday, at once recognized the prisoner.

"Once I missed a harness," said the Judge, "and I was told to look for it at Tom Etsel's."

He held Etsel in \$200 bail for the county court. Etsel couldn't get a bondsman.

ERIE OFFICERS ASK QUESTIONS.

Want to Know if Foremen Belong to Any Union.

A Turner, N. Y., news item says there continues to be considerable speculation along the valley as to the precise reason for the trip taken by several of the heads of the Erie railroad in a special train a few days ago. The train went along the Erie and Jersey to Otisville and Port Jervis.

Quite a number of stops were made and nearly all the track foremen along the line were questioned. Among the questions the foremen were asked was whether they belonged to any union; whether they intended to belong to any union, and what action they would take if a proposition to belong to a union were made them.

It is impossible to say what answers the men made, as the questions, in some cases, actually took away their breaths.

Those men who kept their wits about them gave the soft answer that turneth away wrath and they will be "looked after," so the saying goes.

The feeling among the men in regard to the matter is one of mixed amusement and anxiety. They are puzzled to know what the object of the investigation was. It is said quite a number of them were told they would be given an increase but that they would not know what the amount was until first payday.

PLEASANT MOUNT.

Prof. and Mrs. Kennedy and family are camping at Starlight.

Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay of Honesdale are visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. Wright.

J. E. Tiffany and family are boarding at Starlight.

Miss Anna Barr and friend of Susquehanna are visiting Mrs. Lampke.

Sunday school at Presbyterian church Sunday at 11.45 a. m. but no preaching service, as the pastor is away on his vacation.

GAYNOR NOW ON THE MEND

Sleeps Well, Eats a Little, Shows Improvement in Temperature, and Says "I Feel Fine"—Brother Goes To Baltimore.

New York, Aug. 11.—Mayor Gaynor is expected to recover. At 2 o'clock the doctors in attendance on the mayor at St. Mary's hospital issued a statement in which they said the patient's temperature was lower, that he passed an excellent night, that he had taken a small but sufficient amount of nourishment, and that after eating he turned to the nurse and said:

"I feel fine."

He is stronger this afternoon than at any time since he was shot. His brother, Thomas Gaynor, left this afternoon for Baltimore, to be gone three days.

"My brother isn't going to die, they tell me," he said to the reporters at the Pennsylvania station in Jersey City. "If I thought William couldn't live I certainly should stay here."

New York, Aug. 11.—Mayor William J. Gaynor today lies in St. Mary's hospital, Hoboken, where the bullet of James J. Gallagher, his would be assassin, sent him, with his chances for life about evenly balanced. No good and definite word except that of hope can come from the physicians who are at his bedside until the passage of hours brings before their eyes evidence of the struggle between their patient's vitality and the inroads of septicemia. The mayor is not suffering greatly at present. He has not lost conscious-

ness since Gallagher's revolver was discharged into the back of his neck on the promenade deck of the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse. He is keenly alive to the nature of the trial that he faces. Insisting that the physicians should tell him just how the scores between himself and death stood, Mayor Gaynor heard their report and seemed satisfied. He knows that he must match his strength against that of death and that the issue grows tenser with the passing of the hours.

The wound he received from the revolver of the frenzied political hanger on is serious. The missile entered Mayor Gaynor's neck below the line of the ear, ranged downward and forward and lodged in a position near the base of the tongue, which could not be definitely determined until an X ray photograph revealed the lodgment of the bullet.

As for Gallagher, the faded little man with the shoulders of a bull and all the insolence of past years of experience on the fringe of political swamps in his eyes, he humps his shoulders and sneers when told that the mayor of New York is not dead as the result of his deed. He puffs on his pipe in his cell at the Hudson county jail in Jersey City, where he is immured without bail to await the action of the grand jury, and he says:

"Well, I'm sorry I didn't kill him right off. I hope he croaks. I had to get him, and if I didn't really get him that's not my fault."

The shooting of Mayor Gaynor came with terrible suddenness. He was standing on the deck of a ship which



Photo by American Press Association. MAYOR WILLIAM J. GAYNOR.

was to take him to Europe and a month's rest and vacation. About him were many members of his official family, there to bid him godspeed. President Pedro Montt of Chile, who was to be a fellow passenger, had not a half minute before gripped the mayor's hand in friendly salutation, and the distinguished South American executive was where the smoke cloud from Gallagher's revolver swept across his face.

Mayor Gaynor was just in the middle of a little passage at repartee with Dr. Ernst G. Lederle, head of the department of health. He had extended his hand to poke the commissioner playfully in the ribs—then the shot.

A hand to hand struggle between some of the mayor's subordinates and the assassin followed on the deck of the steamer.

Then more shots sounded above the noise of half choked oaths and the trample of feet, shrieks from the passengers that crowded the rails at the business of waving farewells, the bellying of orders in raucous German by deck officers of the liner.

All of that within a compass of a half minute. Then there was the mayor of New York, still standing on his feet but grievously wounded, the victim of a man who tried to do murder. And there on the deck at his feet this Gallagher, writhing in the grip of manacles that clasped his wrists and snapping his jaws at the feet and hands of the men who sat on him.

The mayor left his home in St. James on Monday afternoon, after he had bidden farewell to all of his family save one, and with this one, his son Rufus, he came into New York and stopped for the night at the Hotel Manhattan until he went to the steamship.

Gallagher attempted the assassination just as Mayor Gaynor pointed a joke by poking Dr. Lederle gently in the ribs.

Just at that instant a hand reached up from behind Mayor Gaynor's back, and the muzzle of a short bulldog revolver was placed against his neck. There was a click, the sound made by the dropping of a hammer upon a dead percussion cap, then a report.

"You've stolen my bread and butter, damn you!"

Those were the words that were bawled over the mayor's shoulder in the instant between the clicking of the revolver hammer on the dead cap and the explosion of the shell.

For just a hair's breadth of time there was silence. One of the photographers who had leveled his camera before the shot to catch the mayor's farewell smile clicked his shutter by the very involuntary reaction that tugged his finger.

Then a cry from Adamson, "Oh God, he's shot the mayor!"

Each of the men standing about the mayor wheeled and saw Gallagher standing there with his arm just lifting with the movement of cocking his revolver again. Adamson jumped squarely at him and threw up the revolver hand. Just as he did so the weapon exploded and the bullet went whistling over the roof of the steamer ahead.

Street Commissioner Edwards laughed at his tremendous bulk at the stunted figure wrestling with Adamson. He caught Gallagher about the waist and bore him crashing to the deck boards. There the two men rolled, Gallagher making furious efforts to turn his pistol hand, which Adamson still held, around into the face of his antagonist, Edwards gradually bending the assassin's left arm down where he could put one knee on it and with his free hand jamming swift blows down upon the upturned face beneath his.

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Shoemakers' Picnic Very Happy Outing.

Railroad and lake employees agree that the Shoemakers' excursion, which took upwards of 700 people from Honesdale to Lake Lodore Tuesday, was the most orderly and prosperous-appearing big party that has visited the resort this summer. The roads about the lake were somewhat muddy in the morning, but the hot sun of the afternoon dried them considerably and mud didn't curtail the fun of the young folks.

The merry-go-round carried 3,000 that day. The chutes were ridden by 1,000. The figure 8 railroad sold 4,000 tickets. There was only one accident all day, and that one did not amount to much. Mrs. Martin Moran fell while walking to the boat that lands near the merry-go-round and landed on her face, getting a slight bruise.

The Honesdale band, leader Wagner, discoursed its customary sweet music and the Maple City drum corps, which rode to the lake in the smoker of the 1 o'clock special, was the life of the outing. During the afternoon the corps marched to brigade headquarters of the Junior O. U. A. M. camp and serenaded Gen. Riskel and his staff, who expressed themselves as delighted with the fine work of Major Carmichael's boys. The special train of 11 cars brought back to Honesdale a happy and contented crowd, every member of which will aim to be on hand when Local 377 goes on its 1911 outing.



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CLOSE TO A WRECK

ENGINE OF D. & H. PASSENGER TRAIN ENCOUNTERS THREE SPIKES LYING LOOSE ON RAILS ON WEDNESDAY MORNING TRIP FROM CARBONDALE TO HONESDALE—GYPSY THEORY SCOUTED.

It is possible that some evilly disposed person, or mayhap more than one, attempted to wreck the D. & H. passenger train due in Honesdale at 9.59 as it passed No. 4 pond, near Farview, Wednesday morning. Three spikes lying on the rail might have made serious trouble.

The engine, with Engineer Arnold at the throttle, jumped, but it did not leave the rails. A little further on two more spikes were lying loose on the track. The forward truck of the engine went over them. The first spike struck the wheels of the tender, not the engine.

The gypsy band that was caught that morning near the pond and forced to disgorge the \$27 taken by one of the women from the bar of the Halfway house were suspected by some of the farmers in that neighborhood as having had something to do with it, but railroad men do not take much stock in the gypsy story. The road's detectives have been on this division ever since an attempt, as they believe, was made to derail a train just out of Carbondale one day last week.

Notices have been posted all along the Delaware and Hudson offering a reward of \$1,000 for the arrest of the person or persons who caused the derailment at the Laffin station. The company offers the same reward for the arrest of the person or persons that caused the wreck of the Central "dyer" at Pittston July 29, or for the arrest in the future of any person or persons tampering with the rolling stock of the company.

Reed's Health is Good.

And So Is His Courage, Says Counsel For Prisoner.

Attorney Charles A. McCarty, Sam Reed's lawyer, said today that he would see his client at the jail before night. He talked with Reed Monday, when the latter sent for and retained Mr. McCarty, and he has not seen him since. Mr. McCarty notified Sheriff Braman this morning that he would be at the jail to confer with Sam before the day was out.

Reed, his counsel said, was anxious to be tried at the October term, and Mr. McCarty will insist on his client's going to trial in October. He told the newspapermen today that Reed's health holds good, and that his courage is better.

Diamonds Under Water.

An imitation diamond is never so brilliant as a genuine stone. If your eye is not experienced enough to detect the difference, a very simple test is to place the stone under water. The imitation stone is practically extinguished, while a genuine diamond sparkles even under water and is distinctly visible. When possible, place a genuine stone beside the possible imitation under water, and the contrast will be apparent to the least experienced eyes.

Both the general and the colonel have been in Wayne county and

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MECHANICS' CAMP

SOLDIER BOYS FROM LACKAWANNA AND LUZERNE WELL DRILLED, FINELY DISCIPLINED BODY—DAYS FULL OF INTEREST WHILE THEY REMAIN AT LAKE LODORE—TO BREAK CAMP SUNDAY.

When the special correspondent of The Citizen, drawn to Lake Lodore Tuesday by the proximity of the big Shoemakers' picnic and the American Mechanics' camp from Lackawanna and Luzerne, dropped over to see Gen. Riskel and his officers and men under canvas, he was struck most forcibly by two things. In the first place, he noticed that the camp under the general's command was the equal in cleanliness, order and practical arrangement of any camp it ever has been his fortune to visit—and this correspondent, by the way, has seen 18 years of soldier life, including six in the regular army. And he soon discovered that these uniformed boys from Lackawanna and Luzerne are many of them fellows connected by former residence or marriage or blood with the good folk of Wayne county, and that the visitor properly accredited to any town or hamlet in Wayne is going to get a warm, rousing welcome the moment he lets them know who he is and where he hails from.

For instance, there is Major A. E. Hagar, the very vigilant and at the same time very affable and companionable surgeon of the camp. Major Hagar gets his mail at Taylor now and his shingle has for some time hung in that town, but he was not always a Taylor citizen. The major's folks all came from Wayne county—from Gouldsboro, to be real explicit about it. And the heart of Major Hagar—he is quite willing to be quoted in this matter—is just as much in Gouldsboro, the scene of early days and young friendships, as it is in Taylor, for all Taylor turns him in his bread and butter now. Candidly, as soon as the major found he was being interviewed by a Honesdale man for a Honesdale paper he couldn't do too much—though Gouldsboro, to which he time and again alluded, is 38 miles from Honesdale, away down in Lehigh township, smack up against the Lackawanna line, and Gouldsboro folks go into Scranton to do their trading. He admitted he had not been to Honesdale much of late years, but he is coming this way between now and Sunday, the day the Mechanics break camp.

"Just tell them I'll be over," he said. "I want to see how the beautiful town looks in her full August attire. Of course, you understand that it can't beat Gouldsboro. That's to be taken for granted all the time. But Honesdale is a beautiful place and I'm going to run down and look 'em over."

The major is immensely popular with the boys. He is aggressive, jovial, democratic. They say the camp wouldn't be a real camp without Major Hagar, and he admits it is the finest vacation in the world to him to pass 10 days under canvas with such completely congenial spirits. The major's father, as everybody almost will remember, was Hon. S. S. Hagar, member of the legislature from Wayne county from 1888 to 1892. The elder Hagar was also Republican county chairman for some years. The major lived in Gouldsboro with his people from 1872 to 1892, when he went to Philadelphia to take up the study of medicine at Jefferson.

Then there is Gen. Riskel. The general is a remarkable man. This Mechanic camp is his particular joy and pride. He gives time and money to the preparations for it, and the sacrifice of both is, no doubt, considerable; but he is willing to make it. He speaks of his "army" just about as tenderly, just about as enthusiastically, as Col. Roosevelt talks about his Rough Riders—the gritty boys that rode up San Juan hill with him. He won't talk much about himself, but he will talk about his army. He has been a worker for it for years, and nothing makes Gen. Riskel feel better than to know his boys appreciate the interest that is more brotherly than fatherly and that the undisputed credit for the present fine condition of the army is laid at his door.

Col. Hall is another excellent officer—clever, soldierly and attentive to the duties of his post. He wants no higher encomium than the simple observation that "Col. Hall knows his business." And of the correctness of that observation there can be no question. A quiet but firm disciplinarian, who has the knack of getting things done without fuss or friction, Col. Hall is a valuable auxiliary to Gen. Riskel.

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